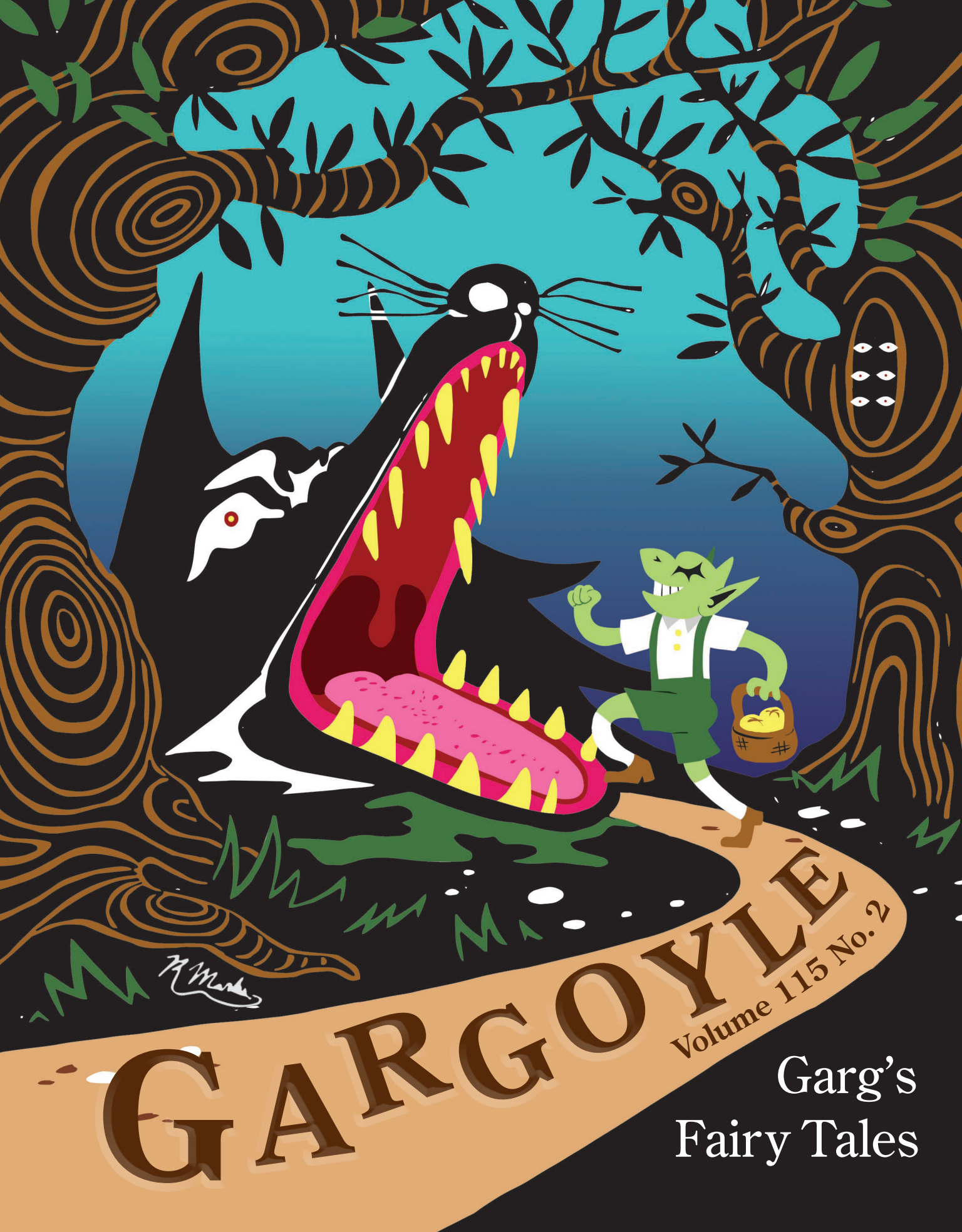
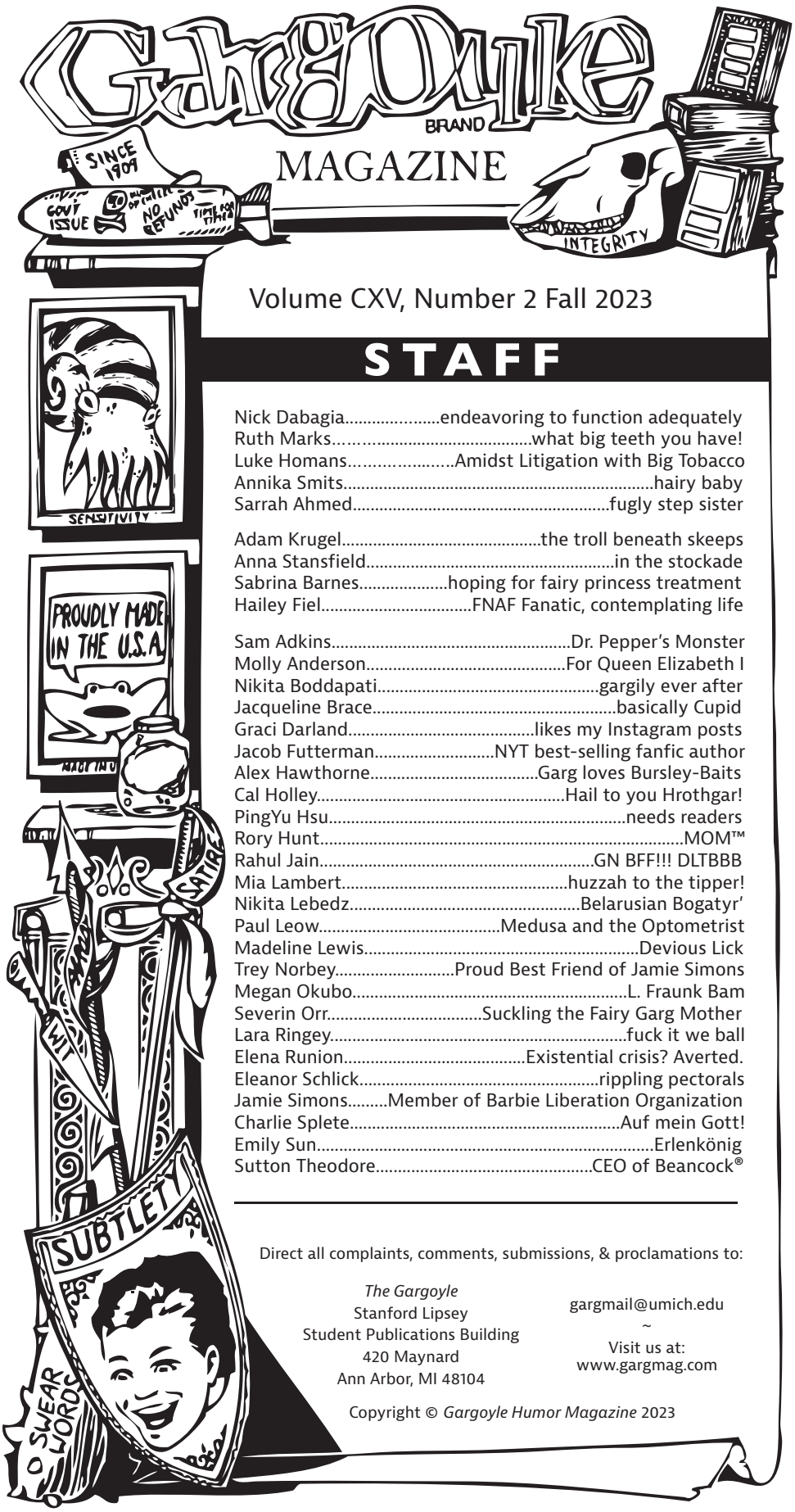

GARGOYLE
Volume 115 No. 2
Garg's
Fairy Tales



Volume CXV, Number 2 Fall 2023

STAFF

Nick Dabagia.....endeavoring to function adequately
Ruth Marks.....what big teeth you have!
Luke Homans.....Amidst Litigation with Big Tobacco
Annika Smits.....hairy baby
Sarrah Ahmed.....fugly step sister

Adam Krugel.....the troll beneath skeeps
Anna Stansfield.....in the stockade
Sabrina Barnes.....hoping for fairy princess treatment
Hailey Fiel.....FNAF Fanatic, contemplating life

Sam Adkins.....Dr. Pepper's Monster
Molly Anderson.....For Queen Elizabeth I
Nikita Boddapati.....gargily ever after
Jacqueline Brace.....basically Cupid
Graci Darland.....likes my Instagram posts
Jacob Futterman.....NYT best-selling fanfic author
Alex Hawthorne.....Garg loves Bursley-Baits
Cal Holley.....Hail to you Hrothgar!
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Rahul Jain.....GN BFF!!! DLTBBB
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Nikita Lebedz.....Belarusian Bogatyr'
Paul Leow.....Medusa and the Optometrist
Madeline Lewis.....Devious Lick
Trey Norbey.....Proud Best Friend of Jamie Simons
Megan Okubo.....L. Fraunk Bam
Severin Orr.....Suckling the Fairy Garg Mother
Lara Ringey.....fuck it we ball
Elena Runion.....Existential crisis? Averted.
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Table of Contents

1. Uvula

2. lots of names

3. Maurader dupe

4. I still have baby teeth

5. Pee yellow road

6. Smokin' on the stalk

7. Slutty Sauron

8. what is a cryptid...

9. Big Peepee for Ono

10. Krampus my style

11. Cinders from my joint

12. This issue is sinful

13. Phallic froth

14. Shining shimmering

15. Wield my sword

16. They all died

By Sam Adkins & The Gargoyle Staff

OBSERVATIONS on the TOOTH GARGIE

By Mia Lambert

The Tooth Gargie is a whimsical creature of myth that I have been fortunate enough to study. If you are reading this, you understand me as an expert on all subject matter related to the elusive Tooth Gargie. I hope these notes will help you, dear researchers, in your own exploration of the Tooth Gargie.

First documented in 1202, the Tooth Gargie is a small impish creature. Standing at approximately 5 inches tall, the Tooth Gargie has nimble and petite fingers to aid in its Hunt. With a curious and sly smile, this creature is known to tinkle a little as it passes over the heads of unsuspecting bystanders.

HABITAT: The Tooth Gargie has been consistently spotted in the Midwest region of the United States. In recent times, sightings have only been reported by undergraduate students on the University of Michigan's Ann Arbor campus. The question of, "why a university?" is still a mystery to even the most knowledgeable researchers. Perchance, our Gargie is on a quest for education, but in a freeloading manner much like the University's own students.

DIET: The Tooth Gargie loves the taste of teeth. Nothing else.

BEHAVIOR: A common misconception of the Tooth Gargie is that it will come in one's sleep and take teeth left under one's pillow. This is not true. The Gargie will [redacted] straight from one's mouth and then [redacted]. This is known as the Tooth Gargie's Hunt. Be not fearful, however, dear reader, for it will last only a moment. If you are ever graced by the Tooth Gargie, it means you are a very lucky person indeed.

HOW TO APPEASE: Because the Tooth Gargie seems to be a part of an aggressive species of tooth fairy, there is not much you can do besides create a safe and welcoming environment for the Gargie's Hunt. Plan on setting your LED lights to a putrid green, put out some bowls of room temperature milk and sprinkle a line of salt right to your mouth. All of these elements seem to remind the Gargie of a simpler time in its life. Additionally, the Gargie enjoys sperm whale calls and the low hum of a middle aged man snoring.

MY PERSONAL TOOTH GARGIE ARTIFACTS

The Gargoyle and the Pea

By Sabrina Barnes

Once upon an eve, 'twas a kingdom cloaked with thunder
Where a prince lay, wretched with sexual repression,
Yet bored of the maidens, clawing for his affection.
The broads had trotted atop seas, escaped many snares
The most desperate and bold had even flown Spirit Air.

Sure the prince was dazzled *visibly* by many of their features
Including (but pinky swore not limited to)
Their voluptuous racks or the treasure in their shoes.
He was expected to take a wife, a delicate princess
Yet his yearn for it rougher was not a secret he'd confess.

Inky skies and grave storms soon consumed midnight,
Then the castle rattled with a clamor at the door.
A murky chartreuse creature emerged, winged and horned.
Growling for sweet shelter – unwilling to wince,
Soon to be tested on her fit for the increasingly frothing prince like Jesus
Christ bro chill the fuck out Tinder is freee

Sorry...anyways, a pea was hidden beneath mattresses stacked
For a princess' slumber would be disturbed by its poke.
In morn the creature praised the bed's spikes, giddy as she spoke
For she loved lumps, pricks, and bruises – tickling the prince's fancy,
He was pumped to be wed and deflowered by the kinkiest fish in the sea.

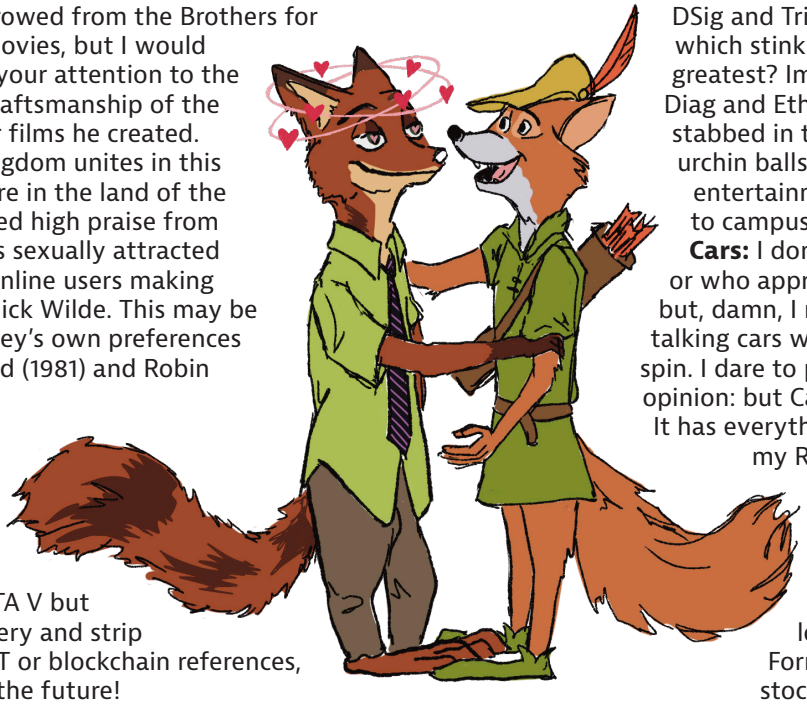
The Modern Revival of Folklore

By Annika Smits

Forget about the Brothers Grimm! A new white man has taken center stage in this age of storytelling: Walt Disney. He may have borrowed from the Brothers for some of his movies, but I would like to bring your attention to the masterful craftsmanship of the blockbuster films he created.

Zootopia: The animal kingdom unites in this anthropomorphic adventure in the land of the furries. This picture garnered high praise from those who find themselves sexually attracted to animals, illustrated by online users making lustrous edits of the fox, Nick Wilde. This may be directly related to Mr. Disney's own preferences (see The Fox and the Hound (1981) and Robin Hood (1973)).

Wreck It Ralph: The first one, heart wrenching. Big oaf falls off and befriends an obnoxious gamer girl that races in a Walmart Candyland. Sequel, reminded me of GTA V but was lacking in armed robbery and strip clubs. Also, not enough NFT or blockchain references, come on people, crypto is the future!



Monsters University: I must say this movie made my first year at college quite disappointing. Where is the fight to the death between the valiant members of Sigma Nu, DSig and Triangle to determine which stinky alcoholics are the greatest? Imagine passing the Diag and Ethan from Fiji is getting stabbed in the foot by poisonous urchin balls, what thrilling entertainment that would bring to campus!

Cars: I don't know who asked or who approved the franchise but, damn, I never knew how much talking cars would make my head spin. I dare to propose a controversial opinion: but Cars 2 remains superior. It has everything a girl wants. It is my Roman Empire. A badass secret agent woman (who is purple), a world tour and mild terrorism. No need to think about the logistics of a single Formula car racing against stock cars on street tracks.

The Brothers Garg In: Jackin' the Beanstalk

By Trey Norbey

A long time ago on a farm far, far away (England), there lived a young lad who was as gullible as he was foolish. His family did not come from means, but they possessed one item of status, that being their prized dairy cow. Townsfolk would visit from miles around just to get a chance of gulping down a glass of that yummy, yummy milk. "Yum yum!" they would cry out in ecstasy while partaking of the delicious beverage. Then, one fateful day, a traveling trickster happened upon this farm, and hatched a plan most vile and despicable. "My boy!" he beckoned sensually, "I come with beans! Beans of magic you see! Yes, magical beans that will grow into a mighty beanstalk, so great and powerful that you could climb it up into the clouds and gulp down all the yummy cloud milk your heart desires! There is but one problem, though! I am but a simple old arthritic fool, and do not possess the skills necessary to cultivate such a towering beast of a plant! I would gladly let you take these wonderful, wonderful beans off my hands in exchange for, oh, I don't know, that cow over there!" The boy obliged, and accepted the beans with a grin. The trickster yelped with joy, leaping on to the cow's back and riding it off into the sunset. That night, the boy planted the beans in his backyard, and when he awoke, absolutely nothing happened because magic beans don't exist. The trickster did leave one thing behind for the boy, however. In the mail that day came an envelope addressed to him. Enclosed within was a photograph of the trickster doing the Take the L dance from Fortnite, and a note simply reading "get scammed lmao".

7 Ways to Woo a Damsel

By Jacqueline Brace

Greetings, griffins, gargoyles and gnomes! Your favorite fairy is back this week with some more titillating tips to a transcendent tomorrow! I've read your raving requests and realized my reader's requirement for romance. I spent a spell searching for sumptuous seduction strategies, and I selected for you salacious selkies seven schemes to beguile a babe!

1. Dance with a peasant in disguise at a ball. When she runs away, make every woman in the town try on an article of clothing she left behind until you find her.
2. Find a secluded tower and demand the damsel inside throw down her hair, which you will climb like a rope to rescue her heart.
3. Force your tongue down the throat of a sleeping princess whom you have met once.
4. Find a girl on a beach and talk at her incessantly, not questioning why she doesn't respond.
5. Convince a lonely princess that you are in love with her so you can kill her sister and become king.
6. Kidnap a helpless man and hold his daughter hostage until she develops Stockholm syndrome.
7. Fall in love with a girl, watch her marry someone else, and then stake a wolfy claim on their newborn daughter.

Happy courting! ;)

MAGIC CIG'RET

By Luke Homans

Wyatt and Irma were not very rich;
He sold scrap metal and she was a witch;
They weren't well off by any old means,
And they'd've been better if it weren't for the beans.

The beans in question were def'nitely magic;
Belonged to a giant whose death was most tragic.
A giant stalk would serve the paupers no use–
So said Wyatt, "Imma use'm buy cig'rets n' shoes"

Upon reaching the market Wyatt searched for a stall
That wouldn't, he hoped, demean him at all;
Excited, he saw one and yelled crudely with glee,
"Wut kin you gimme fer these fucken' beans?"

Came the response from the shopkeep in perfect rhyme,
Rehearsed from decades of white collar crime;
"The awful profanity spewn from your mouth
Resembles dialectically the American South,

and therefore I am making class based assumptions about you.

Regardless, I will give you a cigarette that cannot be smoked,
Or the powers of hell shall fast be evoked, and certainly that's not something you want to happen; but it's hard to determine, because the aforementioned assumptions I made about your place of origin and upbringing lead me to believe that your intelligence is limited."

"How dare you make 'ssumptions 'bout me and my class?
You, whose rhymin' 'sembles that of an ass?
My di'lect's a result of socio-geographical patterns,
S'got nothin' to do with bein' a person that learns"

In an act of defiance so triumphantly pointless
He lit the dart while applying some ointment,
As the balm touched his skin and the smoke touched his lips,
The moon turned to blood and the earth deftly split;

Out from the crevasse rode four shrouded equestrians
Bearing the names; War, Death, Conquest, and Pestilence.
In unison they roared, "Earth will atone for their sins"
Wyatt muttered, Fuckin' cig'ret, 'bout time I got into Zyns."

HANSEL AND GRETEL AND THE FUNKY HOUSE

By Jamie Simons

The story of Hansel and Gretel,
siblings one and two
A brother and sister, out of the nest they flew
From a family so poor, of a home of mud and twigs,
That couldn't afford to prepare a simple stew.

The children on their own, thick woods only in sight,
They told each other tales, to reduce their fright
Of fairies in the trees and great giants in the mountains;
It's a shame they did not know how to write.

Soon enough, they stumbled on a quaint shack
And Hansel, hungry and desiring a snack,
Approached the home to beg for a morsel -
Gretel in tow, not willing to leave his back.

Inside the shack, sat a witch.
Or was it a Gargoyle? I don't know which.
Either way, the creature grinned,
Her mouth opened after a twitch.

"Good evening, children, to my abode,
And don't mind my pet toad.
I can tell you are hungry - take a bite of my walls!
Stay with me, and take a wonderful trip on my funky railroad."

Gretel, unsure of what any of that meant,
Watched as Hansel tore a piece of drywall, with the witch's consent.
He ate it whole, and sitting on the floor,
Tore that up too, as was the witch's intent.

Hansel began to trip, seeing colors in the air,
As Steely Dan began to play from nowhere.
He moved his fingers around, watching the colors swirl,
While the witch sat back and laughed in her chair.

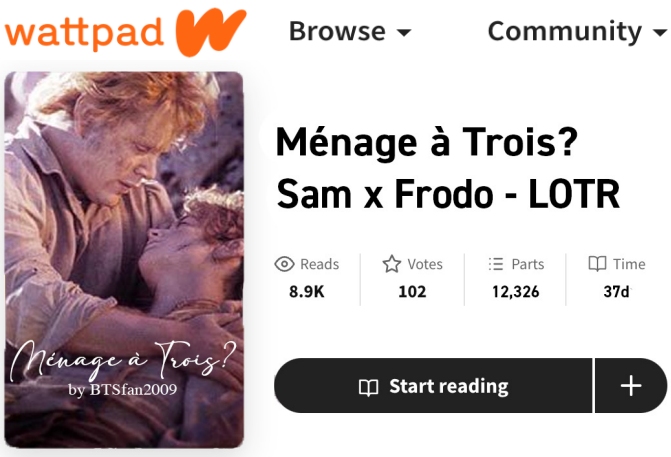
"What have you done to Hansel?" Gretel demanded,
"And how does that count for food..." She added, offhanded.
The witch stood, smiling down at the young Gretel,
She stumbled forward and commanded,

"Do not insult my home, dearest child,
For it gives provides me with pleasures so wild,
Your brain could not comprehend.
When I am finished, I shall eat him, bones and all, so tender and mild."

This gave Gretel an idea, a thought,
For she could use this to foil her plot;
"Witch, witch, you must be starving then,
Why don't you eat more of your candy home, of which you have us caught?"

The trick worked as the witch began to eat more drywall,
And Gretel grabbed her tripping brother and pulled him from his downfall.
The pair watched the witch continue to eat her acid-laced home,
Before seeing demons, falling back and beginning to bawl.

Gretel laughed at her misfortune, and with a start,
And as they left, complimented herself for being so smart.
Let this be a lesson to you, dear reader,
An LSD house is bound only to fall apart.



Hiiiiiiiiiii this is my first fanfic so pls don't leave mean commentsss!!!!!! It takes place between the first and second LOTR movies, I hope you enjoyyyyy!!!!!!

PREVIEW:

"I wonder how Aragorn and the others are doing." Said Frodo.

The thought of Aragorn and his strong Viggo Mortinson jawline and flowing hair never escaped the mind of Sam, and it let his imagination run wild. Frodo noticed that the area around Sam's pelvic area started to tent. Frodo turned to face his comrade.

"I know what you think, Sam, but who needs him? We have each other". He stared into Sam's fat, tender face with his big, big, beautiful blue eyes.

"Mr. Frodo, you're right. But what if the rest of the shire knew about us?"

"Shhhh, they will never know." Frodo said as he put finger up to his lips. "With you I don't feel naked and afraid in the dark, I feel naked and free."

They leaned into each other and nothing else seemed to matter. The Ring, Sauron, Gandalf and all of Middle Earth began to fade away until it was just the two of them and their primal desires.

Suddenly, they heard a branch break outside the cave.

By Jacob Futterman

By Lara Ringey

A Head for ~~A~~ Head
The True tale of sir Gawain and the Green peen

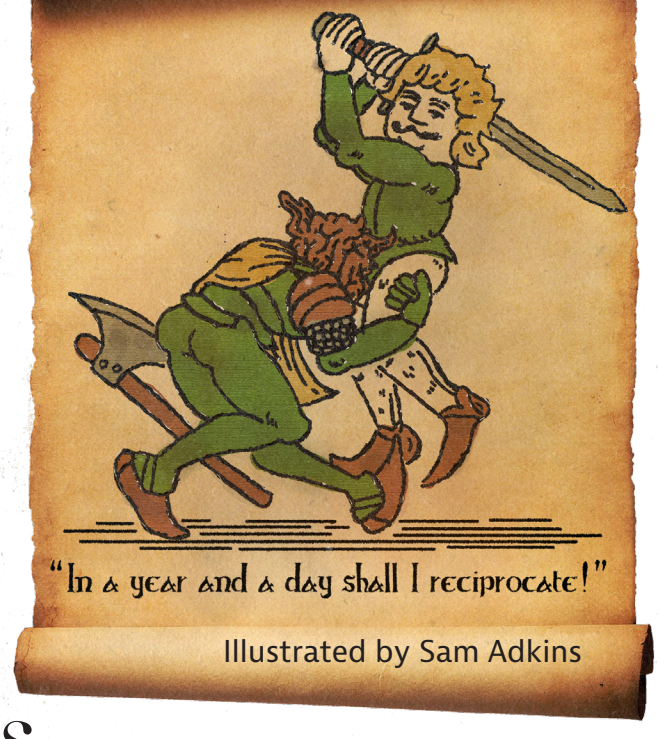
In King Arthur's hall one Christmas day,
Sir Gawain prepared for a game of play.
The Green Knight, so bold,
Challenged Gawain, we're told,
But there was no beheading, just foreplay

The challenge was a game of combat; a foray
And the festive affairs made Gawain feel quite gaye
So instead of a punch or a hit or a kick
Sir Gawain bent down thy great knee for a lick
Green Knight moaned and he laughed and proceeded to say,

"In a year and a day shall I reciprocate!"

Then a year and a day noble Gawain would wait
And the onanist Gawain could not masturbate!
And when the time came
He came with great shame
For the oral had him quick to ejaculate

Written by Adam Krugel



Illustrated by Sam Adkins

Top 5 Michigan Cryptids

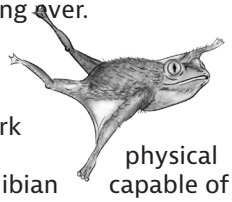
By Hailey Fiel

1. Michigan Dogman

The legend of the Dogman (a bipedal canine-like animal with the torso of a man) was immortalized in 1987 when a song—"The Legend," by Steve Cook—about the creature was released as an April Fool's Day prank on a local radio station in Northwestern Michigan. The legend states that the Dogman appears in the Northern Michigan woods every decade on the seventh year. Many cracked locals called into the radio station after the song's release claiming to have had an encounter with the creature. Since the song's initial release, multiple re-releases have been produced and distributed, further adding to the lore. The song is a staple of any Northwestern Michigander's Halloween season and is revered by local children and adults alike for being just about the scariest thing ever.

2. Ypsilanti Smeet Frog

A strange plaque detailing the legend of the Ypsilanti Smeet Frog appeared in Frog Island Park in the summer of 1999. The plaque provided a physical description of the Smeet Frog as the only amphibian capable of growing a fur coat and possessing the ability of flight with webbed flying squirrel-esque wings. The endangered and locally protected creature is rarely seen as a thick layer of moss covers its coat. Since its inception, the plaque at Frog Island Park has been removed and re-erected (teehee, erect) multiple times. Despite all this, the legend lives on as visitors and locals alike claim to hear the strange call of the Ypsilanti Smeet Frog late at night.



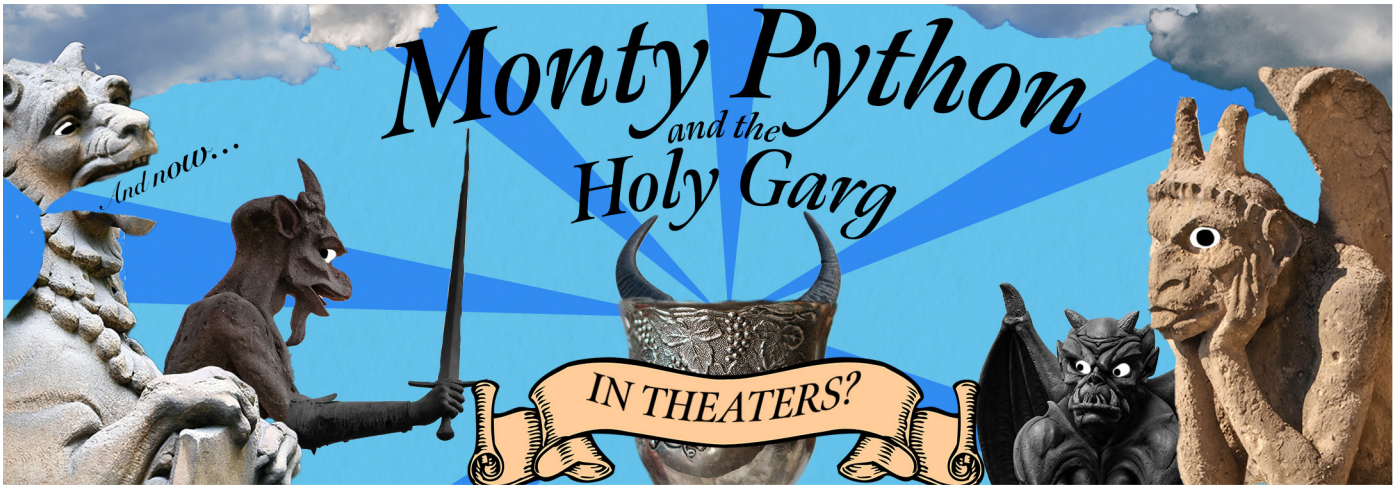
3. The 'M'

"Don't step on the 'M'!" cries out-of-touch University of Michigan alum, Ben Dover, "you might fail your first blue book, ya know?" The campus-wide legend states that stepping on the bronze block 'M', enshrined on the Diag since 1953, will guarantee students to fail their first exam. The superstition has persisted all this time despite the decrease in recent years in professors' use of blue book exams as well as the sharp decline in giving a fuck by students.

4. Bigfoot

You're still reading this hot garbage?? Get a fuckin' life, man.

GARG
~~5. Arthur Miller~~



By Charlie Splete

Looks like Santo Ono had some extra renovations made...

By Sam Adkins

By Sutton Theodore

By Madeline Lewis

Krampus' Apology

By Charlie Splete

To whom it may concern,

Firstly, I would like to personally apologize for any previous malfeasance and torment that I have enacted on the world. Secondly, it is with a heavy heart that I hereby announce my immediate resignation and cessation of any and all Krampus adjacent activities. It takes a strong goat daemon such as myself to admit my faults, but in doing so I hope to give back to this wronged community and come to terms with the true ramifications of my actions.

As for my place of operations, Krampus' Bog der Schrecken© will discontinue all processes effective today. All gremlins and dark elves currently employed will receive a three week severance pay worth of stale lebkuchen and a $20 voucher for Gruber's Haus of Currywurst. Holiday spirit mogul Kristopher Kringle and his current agency will acquire all assets relating to Krampus LLC, and will assume the position of director next week.

To conclude, my series of apologies to those who I feel have wronged most of all. I ask forgiveness from all the children of the world (particularly those in my beloved Deutschland) who have long endured my shameful actions of devourment and smacking with little brooms and birch rods. To my truly dedicated schuhplattler team, Das Clappenstompers, I am so sorry to abandon you before regionals. To my trusted homunculus servant Jörg Clauberg, what I did last St. Patrick's Day was not okay. And finally I wish to express my deepest apologies to my fellow members of the board.

In addition, any tickets purchased for this years' Krampusnacht events or activities on the 5th of December will be refundable via ticketmaster.com.

Sincerely,
Krampus, Darkspawn and Forked-Tongued Annihilator of Cheer
Office of Krampus LLC, 7734 Hadean Dr.
Hell MI, 48169
(734) 666-0401

The Unfortunate Cinderella

By Sarrah Ahmed

Once upon a time there lived a wretched, entitled girl named Cinderella. She was christened Cinderella on account of her affinity for arson.

Cinderella could be described by those who had the misfortune of experiencing her company as "foul" and "deeply prejudiced," which is really saying something considering the setting of our story (present day France).

Unpleasant as she was, Cinderella was really just a girl with a rather sad life. She had made her massive fortune the old fashioned way, through embezzlement, and spent most of her days tormenting mice, birds, and the elderly. She longed for a companion—someone who was not entirely repulsed by her.

One day, as Cinderella was going about her daily routine of setting textbooks on fire—knowledge frightened her, as she was illiterate—when she met a man, a Prince! Well, his first name was Prince, but she was excited nonetheless. He recently moved to town and worked as a professional groomer, of pets. He recognized her from her appearance in Ripley's Believe it Or Not 2008 Special Edition for her abnormally small feet, which were a byproduct of her parents being first cousins and both under five feet tall. She was deeply flattered by this, and hardly found it strange when he asked for her social security number.

Cinderella was smitten, and the two made plans to see one another later that evening. She raced back home to ready herself for her date with the Prince. But as she gazed into the mirror she only felt dissatisfied by her appearance. "Who could ever love me? My hair is too blonde, and I am much too thin," Cinderella pondered, wishing she had something more than just her double D's to offer. Suddenly, a green phantom appeared behind her, looked her up and down and said: "You're right to doubt yourself. He'll never go for you like this. Have you ever considered going bald? Because I think it would really bring out your natural beauty." Cinderella, a sucker for praise, was convinced by her fairy gargmother's words. She shaved her head and excitedly went on her merry way.

But things are never looking up for long in Cinderella's life.

She arrived at the quarry, the agreed upon meeting place for her and the Prince's rendezvous, only to find him locking lips with none other than the green goddess who had apparently swapped her emerald hue for a shade of betrayal. Heartbroken and hopeless, Cinderella accepted her fate and walked away unhappily ever after. Maybe next time she'll wise up.

One Rag to Many Riches: The Pre-Sequel

By Nikita Lebedz

"Everyone loves a rags to riches story" is a phrase divulged a million times by "everyone" – even their slightly racist grandparents. But do we actually know "everyone" they keep bragging about? Because I don't seem to know literally "everyone" who loves a rags to riches story. Maybe a few of my friends would agree that they are kinda cool. But the whole concept is as functional as the European Union. Perchance.

Example: you own one rag. And then via magic(?) you start owning more than one rag, perhaps even one turns to a rich. And that would put you above a washer-and-dryer in your dungeon-ish damp basement but below an industrial drycleaning facility level of rag ownership.

Okay fine, a few "let's eat the poor" people I know would love this type of story. Maybe even a movie, but definitely not a Netflix show. Alright, maybe one or two seasons, but only if they cancel right before the queer characters get together (ask Jackie Chan's daughter for comment).

But you know what I think? I think that whoever says that "everyone loves a rags to riches story" is a damn liar. It is simply impossible to know literally "everyone" to begin with.

Personally, I just prefer "eat the rich, feed the poor, till there are rich no more" stories. Makes you want to change the world. Very fun. 10/10 would recommend. Perchance.

Original Transcript of the New Testament Uncovered!!!

Written by Rory Hunt and Eleanor Schlick
Illustrated by Mia Lambert

Many a year ago, upon the 6th day of creation, God decided to endow the universe with a pair of perfect creatures made in his own image. The first was Gadam, a statuesque figure of rippling pectorals and sensually sculpted muscles, so smooth one could believe he was hewn of rich jade. God offered him a home in Paradise, filled with the most delectable gothic perches to crouch upon for eternity, as well as a companion in GaEve, born not from Gadam's rib, but rather the considerable accoutrement between his temptingly taut thighs. GaEve was similarly impeccable with splendacious wings that were second only to her salaciously curved behind.

All was right for Gadam and GaEve to live in sublimity forever, except for a single enticement within their paradisal enclosure: the tree of knowledge of good and evil. God warned the gargoyles that if either ate its fruit, all innocence and excellence would be lost and they would face the truth of the wicked world beyond, never to return. This, at first, seemed a simple task, but as each day passed the fruit became more and more tantalizing: more fragrant, more juicy, more rotund, more... fleshy. In the solitude of their flawlessness, Gadam and GaEve had become obsessed with the fruit and would eat it out no matter the punishment; the temptation became insurmountable, oozing from their limbs, their legs becoming gelatinous. In a pact of mutual destruction—on the count of three, they bit in together: 1, 2, 3-

You're in Markley. It's the first week of your freshman year. This is a noticeable lack of air conditioning and a noticeable lack of deodorant amongst the Males of Markley Hall (MOM™). You get up from your sticky, one inch mattress that many a Markley resident had their first time on, and, with a glimmer in your eye, hope that might be you this year. You exit your room to pace through the stark white hallways to the restroom. There's piss on the floor, there's piss on the shower, there's puke in the sink (sorry actually just piss too), there's piss on the toilet seat, someone dumped their ramen remnants in the water fountain. You heave a sigh and squat over the toilet, making sure that you pull your underwear away from you so as not to let it touch the little dried up pee spots on the outside of the bowl. You exit the bathroom, but not before washing your hands and leaving the paper towel crumpled up on the floor next to the trash can. You cross through the white, fungal hallway once more, but realize that you left your yellow keycard in your room. You panic. Will you have to sleep on the floor? Will everyone laugh at your misery as you sit on the floor next to your door like a loser? Suddenly, your roommate bursts upon the scene. She has kool aid dyed tips, an eyebrow piercing, and those rubber spike ball earrings that you could only buy at Justice before they started selling them at Walmart. In her hand is a shining new yellow Michigan Housing keycard. You thank your lucky stars as she unlocks your dungeon cell. There's a large bottle of pink whitney on the bed, your situationship blocked you on Snapchat, your econ quiz wasn't graded on a curve, the RA ran out of condoms on the condom bulletin board (apparently everyone in the hall has a magnum sized dong), your Mom isn't returning your calls, your Dad won't stop sending you pictures of cars, and your sister won't stop sending you Harry Styles images. Your roommate turns on Panic! at the Disco, but the new stuff. You begin to draft your will. Life is good.

Which of the Seven "Deadly" Gargs Are You?

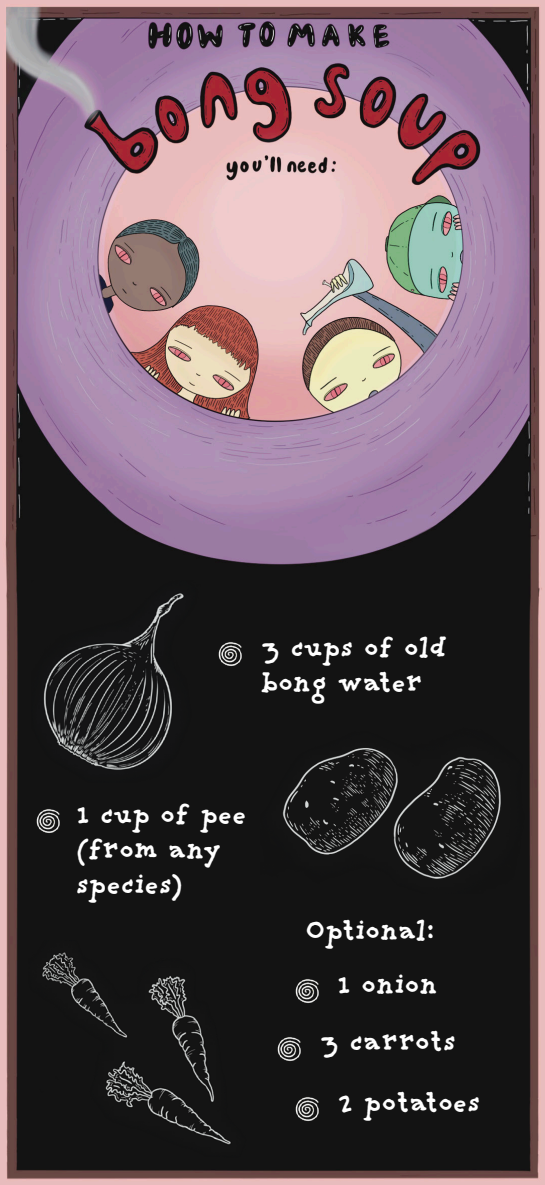
By Elena Runion

Gargwulf

By Callum Holley

The monster's hatred rose but his power had gone.

He twisted in pain and the bleeding sinews deep in his groin snapped, muscle and bone split and broke. The battle was over Beowulf had been granted new GLORY



By Lynne Yoon

By Graci Darland

Little Red Riding Garg

By Alex Hawthorne

On one magical evening, Gargoyle got a job from Derek, asking Garg for a "special delivery" to Bursley Baits. With the glee of a schoolgirl, Garg accepts the task.

In a haze, Garg dashed towards Derek's room and opened the door. A thin cloud of dust escaped the threshold. Garg heard Derek's pleasure before seeing it.

Derek, awaiting Garg's entrance, wore nothing but a pair of leather chaps. Garg vaulted onto the lofted bed but despite their euphoric horniness, something didn't feel right.

"My, what a gaping asshole you have." Garg said to Derek.

"The easier you fit the less likely you'll quit," replied Derek.

"What big used condoms you have," Garg said

"For assured effectiveness of course," said Derek.

"What a large red handprint you have." said Garg

"Just so you know where to feel me Jasmine."

"Jasmine? My mom's name is Jasmine?"

In shock, Garg jumped back and bumped into a glaring dominatrix glaring. "Jasmine" was written on her black braided flogger. At the horrific sight of his maternal figure clad in fishnets, Garg burst into tears and ran from the room. Simmering in deprivation, Garg vowed, "Always look before you leap, because you never know what may hide behind an innocent facade".

The Magic Garpet

By Rahul Jain

A wondrous place, for you and meEeEeEe…

Aladdin had stopped singing along about a minute ago. Jasmine, now sitting behind him on the magic carpet, had been acting differently all day. Her voice sounded like falling rubble, her footsteps were sloppy, and she would only respond to his compliments with a grunt.

Aladdin was sure she was sick, which would also explain her greener undertones. Earlier he had offered her an herbal tea, but she swatted it out of his hand and licked the porcelain shards off the floor.

It tastes like hoOoOoOmE! She gurgled.

As he piloted this magic carpet, he felt something was utterly wrong. Her voice was getting… grimier. His instincts urged him not to turn around. However, brave prince he was, he slowly turned his back. The color left his skin and he gripped hard onto the fabric. That was NOT his Jasmine on this magic carpet ride.

Instead, he saw a reptilian blob. Her skin was a mosaic of dry and wet patches. Her midriff busted out of tatters that were once clothing. Her limbs ended in claws longer than her hair. Somehow, she still had hair. He stared in disbelief. She smiled at him with crooked fangs.

WHAT THE F- Aladdin exclaimed, but suddenly the carpet began plummeting to the Earth below.

Between his tight grip and the unbelievably extra weight behind him, the carpet no longer stood a chance. Worst of all, "Jasmine" had started singing again, now at the top of her lungs so Aladdin could hear over the wind as they plummeted.

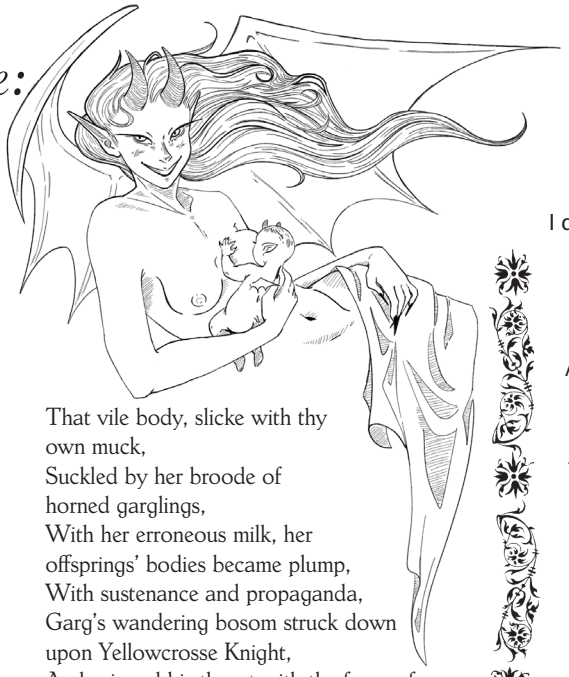
PRINCE ALI, MIGHTY IS HE, ALI ABABWAAAAA screamed Jasmine.

AAAAAAH screamed Aladdin.

It was a beautiful last duet.

The Faerie Queene: Garg's Demise

By Molly Anderson
Illustrated by Severin Orr



A Gentle knight was pricking on the arbor,
So gallant was he with armor bearing
that block M,
Set off on a deede given by that
righteous Santiana,
Greatest Queene Ono of Gargyland,
Whose favor he sought by slaying those
creatures of 420 Maynard,
The virtue of those goode Catholic
lands restored,
Upon the fall of their mother Garg.

Clutching his Rosary with fright,
He entered into that ghastly realm of
falseness and green discharge,
And came upon the crumbling fortress,
Which dripped with the sticky remnants,
Of those gangly, stinking garglings who had
infested that most holy land of student pubs
Yellowcrosse Knight–trembling with fear
yet odde desire,
Ascended the steps at the mouthe of that cave,
Until the sticky scene was beheld by him.

Slumped in the cavernous den, Garg,
Halfe like a gargoyle, winged and horned,
The other halfe like a thing most seductive,
With a ravishing essence that filled the roome,
Tingled and stiffened the loins of
Yellowcrosse Knight.
She heaved amongst her stacks of
withered mags,
And the slimy staffe she bore in her hollow.

That vile body, slicke with thy
own muck,
Suckled by her broode of
horned garglings,
With her erroneous milk, her
offsprings' bodies became plump,
With sustenance and propaganda,
Garg's wandering bosom struck down
upon Yellowcrosse Knight,
And gripped his throat with the force of
all that sin and falsety!

Yellowcrosse Knight, gasped for precious air,
Struggled in the sticky clutch of Garg's
pulsing grip,
He founde purchase upon that hilt at his loins,
He hoisted that sword into the air,
It's surface reflecting those gargling's
moist little mouths,
Gleaming with the goo of their mother
that they guzzled

Until that last fateful moment, when his
sword struck home,
Plummeting into Garg's gnarly gut,
A thundering cry elicited from her throat,
Before she spewed from her filthie maw,
Her vomit of Gargoyle Magazines, purged
from that gullet,
Her suckling broode released their latch
from mother Garg,

Grunting with agony, as Garg's mighty
head reared and struck the grounde.

Those little garglings scattered from that poole,
Of their mother's excretions,
And scattered from the deadly scene,
Through the cracks of that fortress and out
upon that land,
Bearing the final drops of their mother's goode milk,
To go forth and carry on that legend of
falsety and sin,
With every issue of that fearsome zine that would
ever come to be!

Last Night I Had the Strangest Dream

By Nick Dabagia

Last night I had the strangest dream
I've ever dreamed before
I dreamed the world had all turned green
And people all had horns

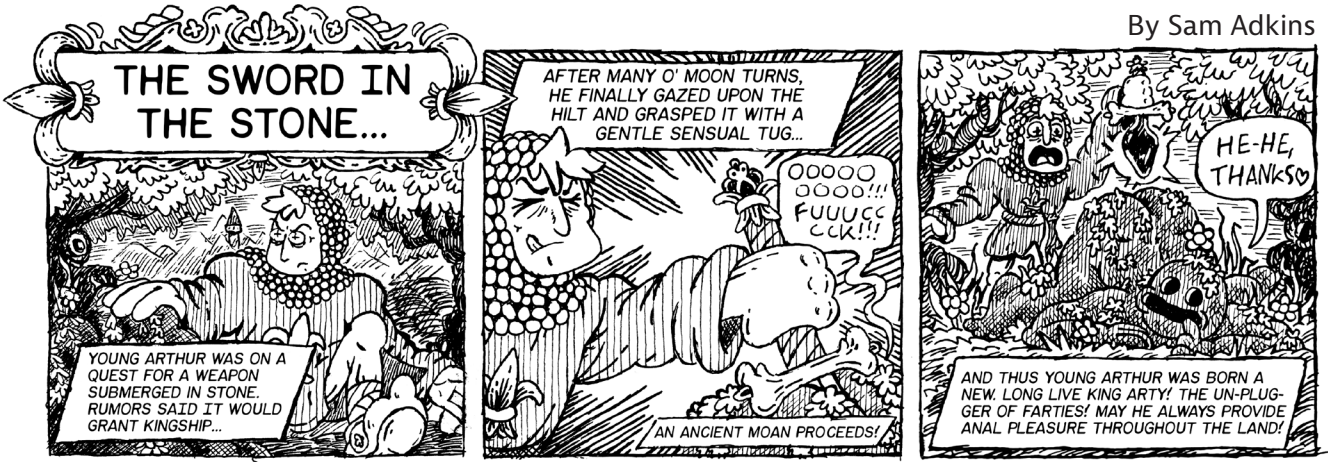
I dreamed I saw a dingy room
The room was filled with wild beasts
And the paper they were stomping said
They'd never eat each other again

And when the papers all were stomped
And a dozen copies made
They all joined paws and roared along
To the Traveling Wilburys

And the monkeys in the street below
Were chanting with Benedictine monks
And knives and bongs and lingerie
Were scattered on the ground

Last night I had the strangest dream
I've ever dreamed before
I dreamed the world had all turned green
And people all had horns

By Sam Adkins



The End